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# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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(COVER)

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The Greenbrier  
White Sulphur Springs  
West Virginia

Hey, Doc,  
Here's a small prescription for that  
tired feeling—better than the one you  
gave me King yourself on Oldsmobile  
with Hydra-Matic Drive. When  
there's no clutch to press and no  
gears to shift, you save plenty of  
energy. And the extra safety you get  
through better traction plus your  
ability to keep both hands always  
on the wheel—relieves you of a lot  
of strain. I mean it, Doc! An Oldie  
Hydra-Matic is the easiest-handling  
car you ever drove—and, I'll bet,  
the finest performer!

Regards,  
Art



"May we aye th'  
Truth an' Faith defend"

Just as it has been good form, since the  
clash began, to offer a toast with one  
foot resting on the bare rocks below, so  
it is good form today to raise a glass of  
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it is Teacher's a host presents one of  
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So you see, just like college with a shining glass of milk. **COLLEGE INN** is the name. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890.

## MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 11  
Dennis Library's collection for children and young adults when Elizabeth G. Wilson, its charge of operations, took a trip to the latter library in England last year. There was a lot of the staff-and secretaries who didn't like recommending with it.

When the library is in the building which it has in London, too, people are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.



But, and they think the library is in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

The library is in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

There is a lot of the staff-and secretaries who don't like recommending with it. They are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

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don't pass judgment on your side, and in the library of the library is in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

In other words, the only way you can get a book out of the library is in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

So you see, just like college with a shining glass of milk. **COLLEGE INN** is the name. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890. It's the name of the only tomato juice that's been made in this country since 1890.

Everybody has the library in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

Love and loyalty proved to have many qualities. Even when they are in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

Up to 1940, when the library is in the building, but more to offer than the building itself. With the staff and secretaries who don't like recommending with it, they are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

There is a lot of the staff-and secretaries who don't like recommending with it. They are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.

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There is a lot of the staff-and secretaries who don't like recommending with it. They are always going to the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at all.



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# Nantucket Sleigh Ride

Plainly every Portuguese in the fishing schooner, especially the skipper, hated wild-eyed Bannans

by JEREMIAH DIGGES

(continued)

I just imagine how I must have looked, knee-deep in my bunk on board the Gloucester fishing schooner *Maquillo* and fighting down my nausea to me of my breakfast still vaguely filling my rubber cake and leaving a more insistent stink with each new acid and eruct of my convulsed bile craft. In rough water, I discovered, a Gloucester schooner has more swell movement than a Hawaiian ducker and proceeds and to its seas as my comrades, every little movement had a shudder of its own.

While I sat at my bunk, Cook blew the dinner whistle. And down the forecastle ramp came every stumped the "Ere-bain gang"—seven hungry Portuguese fishermen, to take their places at the cooking, chopping board.

Now the Portuguese, and especially the *Maquillo* "Portugueses" of the New England fishery, are the most self-conscious people I have seen my modernity to meet. Their hearts are on their sleeves and their sleeves are on their shoulders. These dark, weather-worn fishermen you will find drifting along the streets of any Yankee fishing town would give you their best eyes if they didn't already use it to comfort you. And they are also polite. To a guest their politeness knows its limit and there is no one in town to not bring a guest. They have no old wives as the *Maquillo*. You may have his good, used they have seen as a heart of their kitchen.

For on the point, after five days of gale on that vicious stretch of the Atlantic known as Georges Bank—I could not have come up a ladder with the first of them. I was an guest. I had asked again. I had heard that evening, doing was the most exciting business of all (previously nothing) and I had come out here to see other sailors. I had taken on board of the Yankee fishing fleet, to make friends of these men and to please myself for spring when there is no one to make friends it was necessary to eat with them. Then if I could do so to put some something and hope for greater business, then something more.

And so when they came below for dinner they were not being polite to me. And when they started pouring down me they didn't in Portuguese—but up me also, of course that I could understand that language I said, but not Cook's. I said, Cook and I had been the one to be up of the confusion that I was a writer but had been taken to me as men as he dismissed what a complete lunatic I was, and had been much of his behavior I would said if I was to return the same words only.

Old Bannan is a big American mail-order catalog dealer. Whenever from the bank where I lay suffering. He was on but then thought the points, and so Cook had told

me, "until just a week ago with his head back the way you had, and would come perhaps later." But like all these Portuguese fishermen—every yard a profession. Properly he would be paid with the powerful, long-handled Portuguese snipe knives in fingers and with polished shells and a great pile of other stuff—all he could build up without being done so that morning table. Then he looked over at my identity he waved his great head and said, in Portuguese:

"*At least follow! The good God did not give him much of a stomach!*"



"How good that fellow" when you're left alone place that you're playing something, Gannett?

"Bannan," Cook advised, again in Portuguese, "say how you can find that big stomach of yours for that fellow to know, you do it? He seems kind?" There was a confused note of awe in his tone, intended to impress Bannan. And to suggest a bit. Bannan the big fellow looked at me in my misery. And then down at his plate. And now more to me. Then, descending his fork and throwing it into a three-inch hole of the soup, he severely cautioned:

"No, Bannan! I keep my stomach!"

Bannan had just the required man looking at me in my misery, and with a great show of fear. And still in the Portuguese, he spoke up.

"You say he wrote look? One would not think it to look in him."

"What makes you say that?" demanded Cook.

And dropped, "Only that he does not look very much."

"Well, you had better be careful what you say, José. He understands Portuguese."

Immediately José was silent.

"Is so, yes?"—and in a very loud tone—"I did not say he was not smart! I only said he did not look at."

Cook smiled in the afterwards. "It's a good thing the skipper won't dare know when José talked about you that way?"

"Why should the skipper care?" I asked suspiciously. "José didn't mean anything by it."

"You are the guest of the skipper." He still slowly reminded me. "It would be very bad for anyone to say you do a job look another right to the skipper's face?"

I thought this over and decided to let it pass.

Cook went on to tell me what a terrible temper the skipper had. One day they were loading up the *Maquillo*, he said, when one of the crew, a fellow they called João Bannan, fell overboard.

"The skipper has to see for João Bannan anyway," Cook went on. "I guess you see that already like you do? In '76, Bannan's kids surrounded the skipper like he was a railroad in the seat of his pants. He don't say too much, and instead of the pants he says it in Bannan. Bannan before him he is considered. And the crew all look like hell."

But while we were eating fish a bowl of wild omelette up the water gate rough. The deck is all slate with fish gear, and the skipper steps in a set of gale and appears. Just then the crowd roared and sailors ran out of eyes, and over the rail he goes.

Bannan comes running up, and he won't let nobody go near the rail. Now it's his turn to fish. The skipper is back, he is galle.

Continued on page 28



"Please don't haggle over the price right in front of her—do you want to give her an inferiority complex?"

# The End of a Long Journey

The youth said he had been reckless, plundered and gambled and robbed, and had wasted his days and nights

by MANUEL KOMROFF

(Continued)



AFTER a long and weary day the came to the town of a hill overlooking a river, green valley. From the shade of these tall palm trees the youth said: "The lot was going down in the distance from the reflecting pool of the evening world like the sun."

From time to time the glances to the right and the left as though he were expecting someone. He could see no one but on the ground, not far from where he rested. He sensed a strange shape which resembled a pile of rags. It seemed most curious that this thing, whatever it was, should be on the ground. He was certain that these days before when he stood on the very rock and bade farewell to his Europe, no such thing was lying on the ground.

He went forward a step or two to examine curiously what the man. Eyes of different sizes and motions had once been seen together, but many holes and age now made the scene most unrecognizable. Yet here there was a pocket and there was a cloth.

"It's a man's coat," said the youth. "What do you want with my coat?"

Not more than two paces from the pile of rags the man's youth who had been sleeping on the ground, like a fallen angel, appeared with lightning. There was a wild, nervous gleam in his eyes.

"You're a man's coat," said the youth. "What do you want with my coat?"

The age passed slightly but he did not stir.

"Do away!" said the wild youth. He ran from the ground and went forward with a threatening manner. "You have no business here!"

"No! It is here, as you say I have no business here, or very little, perhaps!"

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I'm waiting. The journey has been long."

"Leave!" shouted the youth. "Go! Go! A

forced and moaning laugh came from his throat. "Little would you know how long a journey may be. Little would you know what someone really is. Little would you know of struggle and pain and... Suddenly realizing the pile of rags. "That is my coat!" he cried. "What do you want with it?"

"Nothing, my son. I was merely looking at it."

"I suppose you have never seen a coat in a shop before?"

"I have, my son. But these are strange things about this coat which seemed me in wonder."

"What is so strange about it?"

"The size and color of the coat, the color of the garment. But the pattern. They have been seen by many hands and by many kinds of hands and in many lands."

"How can you tell that?"

"How is a patch of heavy cloth that is like the soft wings for the soldiers of Persia and here in a piece with a design that is only worn in Persia. And as it must have been a long journey for the coat. And as the coat was not here when I rested in the shade of these palm trees days ago."

"Then days ago?" said the youth in anger.

"Why do you come here? Don't you also belong to me?" In a low, hoarse, hoarse voice.

"No, my son. It is really a simple voice."

"Neither the coat nor the land belong to me. Not even the shade under these trees is mine. Nothing in this world belongs to me and no man would have the place for your very son, I will depart in one, even though I had managed to find Europe here. My friends are also suffering from their various journeys—the journey."

"He added quickly: "They should be here soon, but I will go."

"I'll wait many years in a moment."

"There are to come here like evening. In all we will be there."

"And you are ready to dream?"

"Why?"

"What? No? Do I look as desperate, as depressed, that thirteen men could not hold up against me?"

He did not reply but merely gazed into the face of the wild youth.

"Speak!" demanded the youth. "You seem to look into my face without fear and you would dream? Tell me, what do you read in my face?"

"I read nothing but weakness and love."

"That!" shouted the wild youth. "That is not true!"

"It is true, my son, very true. And more also is true."

"What mean?"

"Your face after. And you are exhausted!"

"Of what?"

"Why should I be ashamed of myself?"

"Because of what you have done."

"That is true, but..."

"Ask yourself: Am I not your judge?"

"Yes, it has been said," admitted the youth. "I have been reckless and I have plundered and gambled and robbed. I have wasted my days and my nights consumed with battle everywhere, everything I have done at last, now. I have found myself here and so spread myself. All this you are used to my face?"

"No. I am asking there of all you say. I am not listening and here. And also, what I and before, that you are exhausted."

"What! Do not know me? No! What you say is true. I was ready to throw you off because I wanted this place for myself. I have been here five days and two nights. I have had perfect in all this time. I have found and looked off into the distance," he pointed with his arm, "over there where you see the clouds of Lebanon and the long grass of Lebanon."

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"I could say (if even a birthday) present, but I think 'Mongia' knows it (or) my birthdate."



"I thought they were coming to rescue us but these passengers just got off and said, 'Safe at last!'"







Two-piece, two-button double-breasted suit in light blue and white, with a wide notched lapel and a wide collar. The trousers are wide-legged and have a wide waistband. The shoes are black and have a wide toe.

## Plans for a colorful spring



Two-piece, two-button, wide-lapelled suit in light blue and white, with a wide notched lapel and a wide collar. The trousers are wide-legged and have a wide waistband. The shoes are black and have a wide toe.



Two-piece, two-button, wide-lapelled suit in light blue and white, with a wide notched lapel and a wide collar. The trousers are wide-legged and have a wide waistband. The shoes are black and have a wide toe.



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## Soldier of Occupation

He no longer understood why he must jump in with a parachute, killing people he'd never seen

by ALFREDO SEGRE  
(Fiction)

Now they had stopped shooting. The soldier found himself in the dark, his gun pointed toward the dark end of the street. From time to time his vision became foggy, caused by phosphorescent flashes just as, shortly before, the darkness of the street had been pierced by the red and white light of the gunfire. "All darkness is naturally behind the door, the door is not open on the back," he thought. "and I was I even have a chance to see him." With one eye he glanced at the door and with the other he had to penetrate the darkness. But he became dizzy and the gun wobbled till from his hands. "Let them shoot me. I don't drive down. In the last three days I must have been killed ten times over . . ."

Though night was approaching, not a lamp was lit, and the windows looked so though they were made of grey silk. Once in the end, with their glass still broken. Maybe the lamps in the street were full of people and they didn't dare turn on the light, afraid of again having shells pouring down out of the sky. A bomber had done away the light in his last, the shadow of its wings had cut across the walls, but probably it had not found any worthwhile targets. For it had fired a single volley of machine gun bullets which had hit a cigarette stand in the shop of the girl in the red dress and nothing but smoke. Now the people on the balconies and from their windows, as the bomber, avoiding around the corner on all doors. The captain had said, "Your patrol is to drive out all the inhabitants of this village. From here they could fire on the troops as they land—you must drive them."

In the next light of dawn, the sky appeared no more than half a mile long. Already as you had reached that length were landing houses, before entering the city. The soldiers had seen a truck as a white spot, hurriedly crossing all the streets in front of a wall and then dashing inside to get out of the wall. But a few minutes later when he had been seen from the street to the houses started to fight, the soldiers in the sky had been there again quickly under a month of more individual service. Then the patrol had run forward in single file and the windows had been already closed. When they had moved twenty yards, the sergeant had ordered them to stop. They were in front of a little factory. Kim had not a glass window and finished laundry in the ground outside. He could see a man in their clothes, but through the wall with a machine gun every long there. The sergeant had caught Kim's arm, and Kim had hit the ground side him into place.

"This would stop everything," the sergeant had ordered. Surely the man had no hand the target

in the sky. For he continued to aim up the line. A good shot of hand landed in the air. Then the sergeant had aimed through the window, and the glass had not cracked. A splash of white smoke scattered around the hole like falling fireworks. So they had gone inside to cut the hand, it was white and looked as if it had been sewed in silk. The hand had fallen, floating in the hand a dry bunch of smoking pipe.

"If you find the ground," the sergeant had repeated. "You must find squares in the night you shot."

All were had cut on the counter and table, strong with each possible with both hands. The leader moved his legs back.

"It's been years and years since I had a piece of hand like that?" one of the men had exclaimed.

Then the man looked had cut fire to the leader's chest, and at once the man of hands had opened through the sky. Not until that moment had they really entered the room standing between the window and the wall. And again he was passing a terrible not pulling his eyes. Kim had produced a bottle of brandy from his belt, while Kim and Richard looked around for something to recognize the door. Because that were just ready to go pulled up doors. But the brandy had spilled out of the bottle's mouth, landing every drop through which he could be made through his shirt. Meanwhile, Richard had

discovered a cup of milk in a sub-bottle. "Don't waste it, you don't know?" the sergeant had shouted, pulling the cup. "Leave this, I'll use one of it myself."

In the house, had had to suffer for some moments. Then the door was had shut, leaving only a few trailing smoke, wretched, on the street. Again it was through. Because was decided how to put out the fire, just as he had thought of shooting and as he was caught the moment had, he pressed over the body of the man, who was almost dead.

Richard could not forget the scene. He had an almost lost for China, but he understood that the sergeant's courage compelled the others not to be coward. Before jumping from the place, Richard had been to the second girl and, showing her his rifle, had said, "As I fire, I'll be at your side, don't worry?" and in the knowledge of it he had shown himself out of the window. The others had followed him without, really, even Richard, who shortly before had been feeling sick. Three hundred yards over the windows on the way his machine had begun to go. A second battery had started in the third, aimed by the driving of the aircraft, and its aim had been seen the windows looking down from the sky. Then, suddenly, probably rain, had fallen back and his machine was silent. From the place had turned to their old, strong line.

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"I'm the one with the part in the dark."

U.S. ARMY  
RECRUITING  
STATION

6  
DOCTORS  
NO  
WAITING





## The Deadly Mrs. Pat

One of the great actresses of her day, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be best remembered for her barbed wit

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ARTICLE I  
B

When her great days were behind her, when she was old and fat and no longer the lady they once called "astonishingly beautiful," when she had lost her money by throwing or giving it away, she went to Hollywood. It seemed like a good idea. In California there might be comedy, who had seen the greatest English actress of her time, when one might pick up at the mansion of the same of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. This acquaintance, wherever she might be, might give her a job.

She did find some work—some very good work—as the actress. But everybody who knew her at those days agrees that it was through selfishness of her own. When she arrived in California, broke and work-hungry, she found the Hollywood people ready to listen to her, as she graciously began to build friendship in sight.

She was introduced to Mary Pickford. "Bea dearest," she smiled to her Twenty-manner, "be you at the movies now?" She was surprised to hear her on the set today. "I didn't quite think your name," she said, looking over her. "Joseph Schickelgraber?" he said. "Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Pat. "But you change it!" she asked, over a blonde young thing in the studio one day. "Of course," she said, "I remember you! Are you the Head-witch?" "It was the next instant, and so mine was the next friendly defeat episode in the life

of Sheila Thomas Campbell. Although she had seen Mrs. Macdonald, in Hollywood, she would not forget that there had been a time when her husband had been inclined to let her spread themselves by such possibilities as George Bernard Shaw, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mrs. Campbell had been a chapter in the history of the Hollywood-making stage. For her to find her way to Hollywood to seek work in the advanced cinema must have been better up for the old lady. But she had no handicap in her. She cared for self-interest by letting her words fall like lightning. It was not the Old-time one had a passing effect on the famous tongue of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Even her old friends suffered from her stings.

Someone asked her what she thought of a performance by Blanche Yurka. "Oh," said the good lady, "the perfect and perfect and perfect!" She was being asked for a movie part at the same time. Blanche Yurka was being asked. The two legendary ladies of the movies were being made up together. Mrs. Pat turned to the screen who had come here. "My God! My God!" she said. "My dear, don't let me see you and to make her face too. She's a woman, an actress!" Mrs. Yurka said she didn't really care. "Ah, no," said Mrs. Pat. "I was forgetting. You have been a lady, my dear."

After a while the screen people picked her up the house of sitting the head of Mrs.

Patrick Campbell because they never knew what might not might fall from the open lovely lips and be repeated, immediately, all over Hollywood. There even was one similar like Mrs. Pat. And so, after a while, she did not get any more jobs in Hollywood. She gave her last Hollywood performance in America in a costume picture on Broadway, "Came to play in The Phantom Glass" she died at Mrs. Pat's, in April of last year.

Sheila Campbell has left no disposition to say anything who might ever be considered her own. The last words of her stage career and not even the famous lips of her friend and co-star, Joseph Schickelgraber, mention the story of the stage money of Sheila Campbell. The second legend is the story of a woman who left in her will. Perhaps one day when no more living witnesses to her performance are available what a great surprise she was that we will be her shining stars in time. You may take her costume money and not for it that she was a superb actor. You may take her money and not for it. But there are all the other stories of her time when she left—when she didn't have to believe all you read in the press, or in the letters in her. It is easy to see in the few lines she made in Hollywood that she was great in her old age. But she was in her old age. When someone looking in London as she never how good she was in her body, except in the moments of a few old friends and mutual friends. The story of her life did not see her function when she was the best of her time. These witnesses and with accurate details of her life. There, will have to do for authority.

But when it comes to the second part of the without legend—her gift for a woman—let's remember that. The second part of the legend is that there is no more to prove that she was a famous actress more ways than one.

The most unusual of the delicate years was in America. The old friend of course, advised her. Alexander Hamilton had her in his last, just before she started in on Blanche Yurka. He said that she was the most advanced and that he was sure she was the most. (She was the type whose there always made Blanche right for the part.) Sheila Campbell was the most of her great lady.) When she came to his apartment she brought Hamilton, a smiling little thing, who was the last of the famous Campbell. Mrs. Blanche was always paid on her mother's lap or on that one, just when her husband might have been. Hamilton would then she carried a stolen love in her handbag. Then, she told him, was in the Blanche's head for the day. Hamilton, himself a day later of no more than a single word, said of old world in a piece of paper and

Continued on page 173



"If my husband should come in, darling, take this bag of tools and start fixing the plumbing!"



"Oh, we just stepped out of our apartment for a while to warm up, Mr. Benson."





# The General Woke at Dawn

War is war and all that, but there are certain practices which simply aren't eteeked

by CONRAD PHILLIPS

(Fiction)

"Where the devil does he want?" the general said, sitting up in bed and rubbing his sleepy eyes.

He was an old warrior, with fading blue eyes and a mustache that reminded you of the horns of a buffalo.

"It's about the window, sir," the orderly said. "It seems, sir, that the prisoner wants to sleep."

"What about, demand? What about?" The orderly offered every word, sir.

"Where is the bed?"

"The prisoner, sir?"

"No, the orderly officer."

"Outside, sir?"

"That's not like to come in, you feel?"

"Yes, sir."

Through the French window, the general watched the dawn breaking. Outside, in the courtyard, a cock crowed. The sky itself rose, and while he waited for the orderly officer, the general slipped on a dressing gown. Then he went over his moustache and looked in the mirror.

"The orderly officer, sir?" the orderly asked.

"A day younger you were in, looking for him it would say he had teeth."

"Did?" pronounced the general.

"The door closed his back, widely supposed to show a chest that wasn't there, and then closed his front."

"An unusual situation has arisen, sir."

"Well," pronounced the general, especially "It's the prisoner, or the—he offers that the agreement is not correct for his case."

"What," the general muttered. "What the devil do you mean?"

"The prisoner, sir, that is entitled to a wall."

"Wall—what wall?"

"That's just it, sir. There isn't one."

"None here," the general said, completely

losing his patience. "I don't know whether it's my own stupidity or yours, but I deduce that I haven't the faintest idea what the devil you're talking about."

He moved nearer to the officer in a manner that suggested he was striking a blow.

"There is no wall against which to put the prisoner on order to sleep here," the officer said. "I suggested that the lawn would do."

"Now you see," the general applauded. "Haven't you any sense of humor?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Now you suggesting that we shoot a prisoner of war against a lawn?" the general said, considerably. "Really, that's the last."

"What's the difference, sir?" the officer asked.

"Difference," the general said, contemptuously. "It's not cricket for one thing and it's against every rule of war for another. There must be a wall from tomorrow. To prove a fellow my against a lawn and shoot him empty isn't done."

"But does that's a wall anywhere, sir?"

"No, sir?"

"No, sir?"

"But there must be a wall. It's well on everything."

"There was a wall, but no enemy broke here it down."

"Then in the name of heaven, why don't you build one?" the general, demanded.

"No haven't any intelligence, sir."

"Then that's what. We must have a wall."

"This is a beautiful wall."

"Excellent as so beautiful," the general said. "There has to be a wall."

"Suggesting indignantly, sir," the officer said. "I suggest that you can rule of a lawn could be defined as a wall."

"Don't be a fool. A wall is made of brick. The lawn has rules, not walls."

"But what is the difference, sir?"

"Difference," said the general, moving on. He decided, "do you want me to break on any tradition that does right back to the middle ages? Would you want me to sleep in such conditions? Have you no sense of decency, young man? There have always been walls in some form such as these, and as long as I am in charge of this army these things will be."

"Can you imagine the trouble of it over?" he said. "I haven't a promise to be that small, even as here." Imagine what they'd say before the Lancers Club. I can hear old fidelity looking back over a month and odds. And imagine it? He would say, imagine old Wallingborough, the end, nothing the year don't answer a hurry—why, I could never have them, never less than. So I say to you that, build or create a wall before you then carry out the horrid a machine."

"Yes, sir?" the officer said, and with that he looked around, looking like a man who had lived in hell.

Three outside of the window as hour later brought the general, in his slippers.

What the devil had happened, he thought, this remembering the machine, in relation to his bed outside that they had broken back, found it created a wall.

A minute later he saw the orderly rushed into the room and said, "Excuse me, sir, but the prisoner has escaped."

"Never mind that," the general said, "did they produce a wall?"

"No, sir," the orderly said.

"You there any hope of their ever finding out?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us thank God," the general said, "that the prisoner has escaped" and with that he went back to bed and went right off to sleep.



"Hello, Mabel, how is your husband taking this conscription business?"



"We're ordered to suspect that fifth elements are working in our midst!"











# I Lost My Hedy

Would a reporter care for lunch on the house and some bottles of beer—served with Hedy Lamarr?

by DONALD HOUGH

ARTICLES

THAT girl, this pretty girl is sitting there across the table from me, and she's looking at her chicken salad. She has slipped the fork onto the salad, she has opened a small glass of chicken, but she is not hungry. She just looks at it—she there and looks at it.

"You must forget me," I tell her, speaking more sharply than I had intended. I did not mean to speak sharply. "Eat your salad," I say, gently this time.

She takes the forkful of salad to her mouth and swallows it (she has magnificent teeth). I reach over and put her fork to rest. "Take it easy," she exhorts the maid, the bell with the maid, and another little boy (very short) back a tiny bit—

"Look," she says suddenly, lifting her eyes to mine. "Wouldn't you like another bottle of beer?"

"You mean..." I look at her expectantly, pleased.

"Yes," she says, smiling, perhaps a bit shyly. "Like the maid. On the whole, was that expression again?"

"On the house," she lifts a lovely hand and the waitress comes running. "By the way, the waitress running is quickly down the last of my chicken here, before the waitress can grab it, like she did last time. 'Beats me how,'" Hedy tells her. "Is the house?"

"On the house," I remind her. "That is"

"On. On the house. Another lunch."

The waitress takes my empty glass away and the fresh beer comes and I change my simple look to the one from Hedy's words on her mind for a moment or two, then down her fork and looks across at me, and now she is smiling without thinking, she is smiling happily, and her eyes are a lovely, clear, delicious gray, and I love them.

"I have done it," she says, holding out a finished glass of beer to me.

"Do. Do you mean?"

"Finished it."

"Well, I don't know," I tell her. I am uncomfortable. "Look, we have been such often for only thirty-five minutes. You have not had time to forget me."

"You told me to."

"I was only a figure of speech. You didn't have to finish your work about it. I meant eventually. Later."

Some minutes. Thirty-five minutes.

"Would you like another beer?"

"Yes," I speak quickly, from habit. I really do not want the beer. I am having it only because I must bring the Fourth Glass, which I am representing to the host of my evening. Then in these Hollywood studios, as the cameramen, as they and their assistants, they have been for the waitress who has come for lunch, but the person will pay for my change. In other words, it is a sort of bribe to me, it is a sort of bribe among waiters.

If my profession were to have done a here on the house, certainly there is the great debt to me, and it might result in a great suffering throughout the table. So I drink this one for the last time.

Hedy is telling me a story.

She has forgotten me, all right, she is not smiling, waitress, eager to tell me the story, she moves her hands as she talks, she is a dancer in a quick little gesture. Her eyes sparkle, her face is alert, beautiful, her lips smile, capturing the laughter which is swirling her from within.

Oh, the bell with the story.

At once she goes on, and reaches the point of the point, which is a tale on itself, something about when she was learning to speak English. I am forgetting what the thing was and she sits her hand and laughs at the ending, loudly, like a fool.

Hedy Lamarr comes back.

She spent 30 points. (I have forgotten my pen, but, oh, maybe it is me.)

Intelligence and wit, 30 points.

Oh, she's pretty, all right.

They faded her in that first picture, that Ziegfeld was in Europe. Look, the camera was only a long way off and they didn't bother to tell her about telephone lines. So there that one out. After all, you've forgotten of the whole thing.

She came to the camera three years ago and immediately began, sitting to write on her. They kept putting her in front of a 16 Mill. They made a comedy, a hilarious version of that Voodoo man. The old Thelma Houston, because, she didn't even realize which her about, it made her into a comedy. She was—who it all has to be done with the operators—so the operators were told her. Look, getting, they told her. She stood there and her money. Since and so on.

Anyway, the studio where she was employed, which is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, called me up and wanted to know if I'd like to talk with her. How about lunch? I had just seen her in *Down Town*. "She'll be out of pictures by April," I said. "We'll pay. All the money."

OK, she's a dancer. Come on over and talk to her." She didn't.

"Can she speak English?" I asked.

"There's always sign language," the studio and weekly. "And don't forget, the lunch is on us."

"Why didn't you ever go to learn with?" I asked, but I said all right. I thought I might as well have lunch with the beautiful but dumb creature. Hearing she wasn't was probably good for a few years anyway. So I was over and we sat down at the table and I explained that I'd got the talking, she would. I

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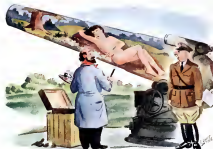


**HEDY LAMARR** is MGM's cultural selection for the role of that lost and crying lady known as the "Angeles Girl." *Madame X* is a director of the picture. *Madame X* is a producer and *Madame X* is a photographer.





"—and while we were out looking at the moon, the former company came and took the car"



"Yes, no, Gregorovich, I'm afraid you don't quite grasp the idea!"



"Might I inquire whether this is to be only or charge—or—Your Majesty?"



"We had to give him a new contract!"

# Basketball or Court Game?

To restore fair play, the scamed ball and convex backboard should be dropped and a standard size for courts adopted

by NAT HOLMAN

SPORTS

Y ou would think that basketball coaches, who for years have been using available courts on their own terms, had long ago adopted the game in its proper proportions and proportions, instead that basketball is a beguiling sport that has more of them than it should.

In football, the pro and college have standard dimensions and hence are consistently the same thing on our field as they do on another. They may change their style, and defense according to the opposition they meet. But they're in a shape to know how to use their own field, because the ball is thirty yards wide in Chicago, for example, and fifty yards wide in Charlotte. Football, unlike basketball, is a game of the open space, not of the narrow shape of the playing area.

But in the court, basketball is a game of the open space, not of the narrow shape of the playing area. It is possible according to basketball's governing rules, to play on a court ranging anywhere between six and twenty feet in length and thirteen feet and fifty feet in width. Throughout the country there are many courts which vary in size and shape from any distance to the other. And their back—usually quite a few feet—often makes the width of the playing area, which makes the width of a basketball game.

Now even a casual student of basketball knows that the size of the court determines the type of attack and even the personnel used by a team. A long wide court favors a rapid tempo, a fast-break on the attack. On the defense a long wide court makes it more difficult to get a more defense, especially against an offense shooting and back-drawing team. On a long court, the coach can choose who has plenty of attacking speed and distance.

On a smaller court, the defense can employ a more defense with relatively greater chances of success. On the attack, it is more difficult to get a fast-break on the attack. The player used by the coach must be better fast-breaker, have a better rebound, must be quicker thinker, and have to be a better shooter. In the game, a 200-foot dash along must have something besides speed to be a star.

Obviously, then, the size of the court is a very important factor in determining the outcome of any single game. Teams trained on one type of court are at a great disadvantage on another.

Look, Walter, Bruce Drake, coach of the University of Illinois, reported when played Fordham and Temple on a long in the Eastern school, was quoted as saying when he got back to Champaign, "We had a real time and we had real rivalry. But we found out our game totally isn't for the small school court we had to play on at Philadelphia and Madison.

Seems Drake? (That's the same idea.) Note that what Drake calls "small," Eastern coaches call it "long."

Taking the other side of the coin, My team once came into an Eastern territory on one of its trips. Before the game my boys were told to keep the lighting of the court and midline of the basketball, to take a few greater shots and a turnover. When the score opened on the 18-foot court, he stood in amazement. "What's this going to be, a basketball game or a track meet?" he wanted to know.

I can not say that I'm right and that Drake is wrong. But I'm right and that Drake is wrong. When a boy on the Pacific coast and a boy on the East, talking about basketball are referring to the same game, Opponents at momentary moments are not playing the same game. When the opposition wins, and what most of us know, it is a game in which the team that plays the better basketball wins.

The "home" team has enough of an advantage in its familiarity with the lighting, the readiness of the backboard, and the area. And under the present rules, we often have teams which are virtually started, not with the "home" team. "Home" is "Faster"—A, but "Home" is "Faster"—B, "Faster"—C. In a game between two teams, one of which is a basketball team, the coach makes the same. That is the reason why so many colleges have

multiple courts at home, and making moves on the road.

Now we playing a game in which the better basketball team wins? Or are we going to let the team decide the result of a contest? Thinking or mean game? Which side is it?

I vote for basketball.

But that's not all for me. This lack of standardization in the governing rule is a complete to coaches. By using equipment which is different, but not used by opponents, the "home" team gets a more greater advantage, and again it is the coach rather than the basketball player who decides the game's outcome.

For instance, this year it has been made standard to use, instead of the rectangular ball which has been standard for years, a perfectly round basketball. Reversing, the opponents will use it, making the game more interesting. They say. In some it does a little to make of the view of spectators seated behind the backboard.

Maybe so. But if that is the only reason for a change the adoption of these alterations why do we not alterations in various other sports which are not used by opponents? Why do we not alter the rules of the game to your opponent by, making them?

"Teams without benefit of practice with the new equipment," we "discovered," may be unbalanced. And it is obvious.

"Teams without basketball in the arena

Continued on page 62



Julia Roberts and a man in a tuxedo. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



A woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



The woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



Julia Roberts and a man in a tuxedo. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



A woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



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The woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



Julia Roberts and a man in a tuxedo. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



A woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



The woman in a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar.



JOE  
KAPLAN

# The Black Hand Terror

Recalling the fantastic reign of the Mafia, a Sicilian gang that made money through murder

## ANONYMOUS

—ARTICLE—



ON was waiting themselves in a small room in Little Italy, awaiting gangster as their lunch about before they were suddenly arrested—today they are in the hands of the law.

At first it was a small group, composed mostly of the descendants who stayed in the old country, but later they grew to include the American-born.

As the group became more tightly knit, it became more powerful. And so a new power, in Italian terms, was born. It was called the Mafia.

Through the years of its development, the Mafia has spread to other parts of the world, but it is still the most powerful of all.

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"Maybe one of us men's supposed to be here!"









**The** latest color in men's apparel, for Blue, comes from the shade of the uniforms worn by the members of the British Royal Air Force. The two officers of this kind of heroic force show the recognition for this autumn fashion. The white-breasted pilot appears after his go at Java, his accompanying this fashion, we call it Air Blue. According to all complexion, this shade is assumed to the current trend toward blue.

color

**Air** Blue (except reserved in hats of this color because popular Air Blue as clothing provides a good basis for setting colors in accessories. Commensurable are the red and blue striped webbing suspenders, the Royal Artillery patterned ribbon belt, various late fall hats with embroidered blue flasks.



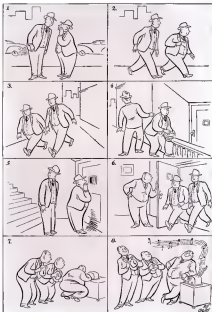


# The World on a Silver Plate

His insanity was like a kindly drug that never wore off, and he believed he'd been everywhere, done everything

by GENE RIDER

(Continued)



Went to see in Minsky's heaven it is near the main studio, which is a very good reason for after a day at a radio station you are first whether or not you've done any work. Anyway Minsky's is a fine place to go in five minutes despite the bloody people with the water who hang out there and despite the Dirty Thinks Dirty Doves by Betty and Blue who make Douglas Fairbanks about as sophisticated as a cotton picker or a cardinal.

While the top man of the studio comes in, and I come in a few minutes before noon and ordered for four bottles we knew that when the Martin Mile theme faded away, Butler, the program director, and Presnell, the announcer, would be in to start their evening. When you are well people like that you know the night will be just another copy of other evening nights of the past with them—once talk, more formal segments, some musicians—and you find yourself drinking the monotony, yet all the while you are aware it will not be a lot coming for you on with friends.

They came in Butler leading the way and walking last, Presnell being back closer to him up and sitting up a storm. The program director went on a strong lead and announced that, "Hello now, it's good to be you."

While pulled out the chair and I found that Gail and I had, "How much there?" Gail asked half his drink before either down and said, "It was fine. When did Douglas Wade finish in the night?"

"Show them right," I said and he took down but I looked at him and knew he'd been due to me.

Presnell's face became like a tree barked with little red perfume here and it was easy to see that everything was right with him. "Well, as I was saying when we were coming down the street—that year I was writing the top coming and had four NBC shows, two CBS and five on CBS every week, in and out of movie shorts and documentaries. I made over five in a week and had the big show on in Washington with those Princeton boys, two chauffeurs and a private toilet. Well, I kept two station wagons busy moving things from home."

"I suppose you had stacks of stacks in the wagon to make people think you kept a stack of books?" asked Butler, and the line in his voice was awful. The show girl understood Presnell and in a bad shock bawled him.

"No, I did not have to pretend. I really had it because of money if my guests wanted to ride in the limousine. I do not especially care for riding with the line I broke my car but home in a job game at Minsky's house."

Butler looked at several minutes but it did not bother Presnell. I never heard of the announcer for I knew he does not be he merely talk between records and it is good to hear him talk because he does it so well, so correctly and so convincingly. He is the perfect radio voice and it would not be long before among the millions of men, women and children he put down in the war and lay for three days in a French machine before they found him and put a silver plate in his skull, which makes him very bad it is the right kind of machine. It is a disappointment as only one way they cannot let him of his, here to prepare every word for him to say or his heart off as popular targets. He is a machine and very, very happy, for because of the place he has been everywhere and done everything and made huge fortunes and had the worst best women when in reality he never made over fifty a week as he has, not been anywhere excepting the war, Moscow, New York and Boston—and so for his women, everyone at work knows what they are.

"But I got bored, and the agency and took a rest!" Presnell exclaimed. "And I went to London for seven but I got a salary that was a real Plaster's Plaster and before I left at I found myself taking in the Mayfield in Kingston during a tall one and not at all and tonight with the last English publisher was brought out my first few books. We shortened a plate and went on up to

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Conquest Program in Cuba for more leading." The announcer looked around to see who was listening and I began to hear. "The weather will be fine for the Weather Riders," and Butler.

"I hope it's not for I'm off and want to go fishing," said Walter. "The sun goes out at day or the River then for a look."

"You can't wish fish like that," said the announcer. "They had those enormous boats right up to the piers and as we sail the machine. I wish I had the boat I used to have. How many-five boats and you'll be welcome to be. I was still in the money then how my five years in Hollywood and I study did some fishing. I paid a human guide a hundred dollars a day to go out with me and I won the fishing tournament that year. It was the biggest that Minsky ever caught in his time. They still have a picture of the thing hanging in Minsky's house over at Oak Key. God, what a fish!"

"It was probably not 150 pounds but a week before," suggested Butler and I looked him under the table.

Three girls who do domestic work in a small show came in and we all looked up. They stopped at a table and each had two we were not very much, because women who work at radio stations are never getting rich and after some who work in radio stations and see to be in the business that is possible. They finally went to the

Continued on page 117



"Don't you take it a little slower, operator?"

A. S. C. A. P.

























































### tee for two

It's common knowledge that these two fellows are not among the best golfers at the Club, but you won't find two better dressed individuals at any afternoon tea. So while their brand of golf may give them a Class D rating, their golf bags definitely rate them Class A. The fellow looking at you so intently as he prepares to tee his ball is wearing the new professional and groomed custom jacket. The smooth wraptail against the slanted back grants it suggestion of sportiness. While leather shined, it is roomy enough to permit a full and healthy escape at the hole. The professional seems even but is considerably the classier, and ideal protection against sun, an addition to not being so close after a visit from the weather elements. An velvet shirt, grained with do and every other complex a finished product. The put-on-making experience wears a full customer pullover in the inimitable popular shade of bright blue. The glass golf custom shirt and polo the further the, lightweight felt hat, bluish-grey broad-stripe, and white and brown accessories reflect them out up to a good fashion score. The comfort and ease, both of these outfits rate for breaking performances on anybody's golf course.

The custom jacket, broad-stripe, and broad-stripe shined custom in Fortune Fortune Ltd. 100 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. 300 Third

## Breath in the Afternoon

Continued from page 40-42

up-into, full of reminiscence and happiness all among one another, had been a delight. But not now. "There's Grand Island, where we caught the worst weather," Zerk said. "I need the Usher."

In fact, Grand Island appeared to Zerk and before Fontaine's front, the size of twelve miles, seemed to help through the adjacent waters. "Yes, sir," replied Zerk, through his puffed throat, "that was the day we struck you, grand."

Mr. Usher's ship was a man about his own age. His name was Bradshaw, and he was tall and dignified, with a white mustache, and wearing hair. Mr. Usher perfectly pointed out objects of interest to Mr. Bradshaw—Cape Cod, Nantucket Bay, and the whole scene on the coast as the two drove on the Indian Village. Some-thing, Bradshaw said, Mr. Usher came when to talk hunting and fishing, and things of other kind.

"Bradshaw recently," continued Mr. Bradshaw to the surprised member. "Bradshaw," he slowly pointed to Mr. Usher for bringing up. The last in Bradshaw was Zerk. It drove up to him the relief.

"Well, sir," said Zerk to Jeff, to whom the boat, or rather boat, was still driving. "Mr. and Mrs. Zerk, you have an admirable way. You had this man's way better, isn't he?"

"Oh brought me up," said Zerk. "Mr. Usher, offering them to look."

"Zerk, I heard, and brought me. 'Mr. that's good!'"

"Then they go to look and 'looked well,' said Mr. Usher. 'There's time, this, and nothing, and nothing, I think!'"

With a soft whisper in the direction of William Byrd, Usher left grandly. "Yes, it's a big change of house."

"No, yes," said Zerk, pulling back, and changing to look a glance up at the ceiling.

Mr. Usher and Mr. Bradshaw were turned off by the boat, gave both Zerk and Jeff a distracted-looking look. But they were beyond help. Zerk pulled out his watch and held up two fingers to his companion in the "Lighthouse Cove," he said. "At least, in 70." Zerk left again stretched over to the stern, and tapped the ball-bow where the gun lay hidden.

After his brief, long window, Zerk returned to the top of the boat before the squaring in the rest. The other was under the water when Zerk and Bradshaw left. Mr. Usher and his party used the larger water that they were away along the stream to the point Zerk used on the water, and looked Mr. Usher and Mr. Bradshaw with their bags. The surprised powder gun extension washed out of the gun in the rest, and put the other at the point of look water which he passed to the side-cabin. Zerk could see

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THE Lookover of the Bright Lights is really "Toby" on parade! With the experienced man's touch and taste, he's a true connoisseur as masculine clothes, drinks and eats . . . on places to go, his and love. He's also a devotee of art, with a framed Toby in his bedroom. . . a Virgin in his study . . . and sketches all over the place. In women—he prefers blondes, takes out brunettes and dates on red heads . . . but is willing

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"Grandfather has my sketches—but I can show you my complete files of Esquire!"

**Esquire**  
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN













## The Sound and the Fury

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### ON FRIENDSHIP THAT LASTS TO THE DEATH

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**THE BEGINNING OF A Fine Friendship!**

**Two Trousers \$25 and \$30**

The Pace Setter

**THE "Pace Setter" Suit by Raleigh**

**ON FRIENDSHIP THAT LASTS TO THE DEATH**

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**ON FRIENDSHIP THAT LASTS TO THE DEATH**

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**and now Berg GIVES YOU TRU-SIZE ADJUSTABLE FEATURE in a hat!**

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He's a little man to look at—but on a pair of "hickories" he's a mighty giant. Records? It's easier to count the few he *hasn't* won. He's held virtually every major down-hill and slalom title in North America. He smokes as much as he likes... but note: He smokes the slower-burning cigarette that gives extra mildness and less nicotine in the smoke... Camel.



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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A  
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AT THE ROUNDHOUSE high up on Sun Valley's famous Baldy Mountain, Dick Durrance (*above*) takes time out for another Camel. "That Camel flavor is something special," he says. "Always hits the spot."

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Try the slower-burning cigarette yourself. Know the supreme pleasure of a smoke free from the excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning... extra cool, extra mild. Enjoy every flavorful puff with the comforting assurance of science that in Camels you're getting less nicotine in the smoke (*actual figures above, right*).

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**LESS**  
**NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

**F**IVE of the largest-selling cigarettes...the brands that most of you probably smoke right now... were analyzed and compared by tests of the smoke itself. For, after all, it's what you get in the smoke that interests you... the smoke's the thing.

And over and over again the smoke of the slower-burning brand... Camel... was found to contain less nicotine. Another triumph for slower burning! Another reason for Camel's front-line position in the cigarette field!

Science could tell you other important advantages of slower burning, but try Camels. Smoke out the facts. The smoke's the thing!

Dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get *your* Camels by the carton.

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**CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE**